O thou didſt kill me, kill me once againe,
Thy eyes ſhrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornfull tricks, & ſuch diſdaine,
That they haue murderd this poore heart of mine,
And theſe mine eyes true leaders to their queene,
But for thy piteous lips no more had ſeene.

Long may they kiſſe each other for this cure,
Oh neuer let their crimſon liueries weare,
And as they laſt, their verdour ſtill endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare:
That the ſtar-gazers hauing writ on death,
May ſay, the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeales in my ſoft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vſe good dealing;
Which purchaſe if thou make, for feare of ſlips,
Set thy ſeale manuell, on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leyſure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-paimẽt, that the debt ſhould double,
Is twentie thouſand kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Faire

Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſſe with my vnripe yeares,
Before I know my ſelfe, ſeeke not to know me,
No fiſher but the vngrowne frie forbeares,
The mellow plum doth fal, the greene ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluckt, is ſower to taſt.

Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
His dayes hot taske hath ended in the Weſt,
The owle (nights herald) ſhreekes, tis verie late,
The ſheepe are gone to fold, birds to their neſt,
And cole-black clouds, that ſhadow heauẽs light,
Do ſummon vs to part, and bid good night.

Now let me ſay good night, and ſo ſay you,
If you will ſay ſo, you ſhall haue a kis;
Good night (quoth ſhe) and ere he ſayes adue,
The honie fee of parting tendred is;
Her armes do lend his necke a ſweete embrace,
Incorporat thẽ they ſeeme, face growes to face.

Till breathleſſe he diſioynd, and backward drew,
The heauenly moiſture that ſweet corall mouth,
Whoſe precious taſt, her thirſtie lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfet, yet complaine on drouth,
He with her plentie preſt, ſhe faint with dearth,
Their lips together glew'd, fall to the earth.